

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 2. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, APRIL 17, 1824.

VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE HOSPITAL.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence. BYRON.

A FEW years since I was led, in the absence of a friend, to officiate in my professional capacity as chaplain at St. Luke's Hospital. It was the first time that I had ever had occasion to enter one, and to this circumstance, perhaps, is owing the vivid and indelible impression which every thing connected with the visit made on my mind. It was somewhat late in the evening of a merry Christmas-day when I entered. How forcibly did the contrast strike me, of the happy smiling faces I had just left, with the pale haggard features which here every where met my view; of the blithe sounds of music and merriment without, and the groans of anguish within. I thought of the sumptuous boards of plenty, where appetite was eagerly indulged to satiety, and saw the scanty untempting nutriment of sickness offered to parched lips, which scarcely could open to receive it; and deeply I felt how necessary to the miserable sufferers patience was, and yet how hard, how very hard it was to practise it. Every pallet was to me a homily. Those whom I saw before me had sung, danced, and played, on many a Christmas night, and where were they now? fettered, listless, and strengthless; yet many of them seemed cheerful. Some of the beds were unoccupied. They had been tenanted yesterday, but those tenants would never press them again—they were dead. One of these humble resting places was preparing, as I learned, for the reception of a patient, who through high influence was to be admitted that evening, although it was not what is termed an open day.

Having fulfilled my clerical duties, I was about to retire when my attention was suddenly arrested: the door of the ward open-

ed, and a decent looking middle-aged woman entered, supporting the almost lifeless form of a young female. Humanity naturally led me forward to proffer my assistance. The invalid, unable to endure the fatigue of undressing, was merely divested of her bonnet and shawl, and laid upon the bed. I had now an opportunity of contemplating the being before me; and though, perhaps in the splendid drawing-rooms of the great, I might have looked on faces of more dazzling beauty, never had I beheld a countenance of such touching and singular loveliness. The rosy hue of freshness bloomed not on her cheek: it was pale, and cold, and wan, save one vermilion streak, the last impress of receding health, which, lingering, shed its sweet but treacherous tint. The contour of her face was evidently foreign. There was the lofty forehead, the pencilled brow, the gently aquiline nose, the bewitching mouth, which we so often see and admire in the natives of the south. Had any doubt of her country existed, it was at once dispelled by the exquisitely melodious voice and slight Italian accent in which she pronounced the words—"Who is near me?" "I, your friend, Ellen Gordon; how do you feel, my child?" soothingly replied the woman who had accompanied her.

"Just as I would wish,—dying.—And am I, indeed, indeed, in an hospital?" continued she, as she opened her eyes and threw a quick glance around, but hastily shut them again, as though the scene was all too strange and painful to her view. After a short pause, during which the quivering of her lip, and the variations of her eloquent countenance indicated that gloomy thoughts were coursing each other through her mind, like dark clouds over the face of heaven, she burst into an hysteric sob, exclaiming—"Oh, my mother! my mother! could you behold me now; me, your pride, your boast, your darling, with none but strangers to listen to my last sigh, inquire my last wishes, and receive my last blessing! But 'tis well, 'tis meet that I should suffer—all who love must suffer—and I have loved, oh, God! this breaking heart tells how deeply." Apprehending that I might unintentionally have overheard confessions intended only

for the licensed ear of friendship, I expressed to Mrs. Gordon my sincere wishes for the recovery of her interesting charge, and moved towards the door. She thanked me gratefully for the interest I had manifested, adding, "Ah, sir, did you know that beautiful young creature's history, you would scarcely wish for her recovery: her feelings are too quick and too warm for her happiness. Mayhap, sir, you will come and pray by her, and comfort her, for she has so often wished to have the consolations that a minister could afford." I observed, that she was then too much exhausted to employ her mind in devotion; but I willingly engaged my future services in her behalf. Accordingly, under the most powerful emotions of curiosity, not unmixed, I trust, with a worthier motive—the desire of soothing the pillow of a dying fellow-creature—I repaired to the hospital early on the following morning.

In answer to my inquiries of the nurse how her new patient had passed the night, she replied—"Why, very restless, sir. Poor thing, she seems but badly; the bed will soon be empty again, I guess. The doctor had just left her, and he says he thinks a few days will see the end of her. But you will go and see her yourself, sir; she has asked for you a great many times." I approached the bed. When she learned who I was, a faint smile hovered on her lip, and gave a temporary brilliancy to her dark languishing eye, whose lustre struggled through the dimness of disease, like the expiring sun through the shadows of evening. I conversed with her for a considerable time, and had the satisfaction of observing the agitation of her mind succeeded by tranquillity. Although upbraidings of her own weakness and folly constantly escaped her, yet she started with horror from the imputation of guilt. "No, sir, I am not guilty; I would not live so. Yet it was very sinful in me to love as I did; but all Florence was in love with him, and how could I help it?"

Conceiving that she evinced an anxiety to make me acquainted with her history, I requested that she would relate it to me; which she did in two subsequent interviews: and I committed it to paper for the benefit of my own family. To my daughters it appeared to offer an excellent illustration of the fatal consequences which may accrue from the indulgence of that morbid enthusiasm, in which many a young female thoughtlessly revels; and with my sons it might operate as a warning against that mean unmanly trifling with the value of woman's heart, which uses every art to win her love, only to slight it when it shall be won. I give the narrative in nearly the words in which it was delivered, fictitious names being substituted for the true ones. Should

any one imagine that it has too much of the warm tinge of romance for reality, let him remember that it was uttered by a sanguine Italian girl,

With a fire in her heart, and a fire in her brain.

My name is Francesca Vitelli; alas! there yet lurks in this bosom too much of earthly pride, for I feel a repugnance to pronounce in an hospital that name, which, only two short years since, was a passport to the noblest saloons in Italy. Well, let it pass! but oh! reveal it not again; I would not that every vulgar tongue should syllable its sound. I was born at Florence, where my father held a lucrative situation connected with the government. I was an only child, the treasured idol of parents who loved me to a blameable excess. Every gratification within the limits of their power to obtain for me was mine. They boasted of my beauty—oh! could they look upon me now; but I thank heaven the misery is spared them of seeing their beloved child a debtor to a strange country for a bed to die upon. My dear mother—how sanguine is maternal affection—fondly anticipated that my personal attractions would procure for me a settlement of high rank, and with that view I was educated in the most fashionable and expensive manner. My accomplishments, with the natural vivacity of my disposition, afforded me incessant invitations from wealth and fashion; and the singing, and dancing, and beauty,—beauty of Francesca Vitelli!—were heard of in every circle in Florence. Perhaps it is sinful, sir, to say, that all this gaiety and homage made me happy: yet I must be candid, and confess that I was very, very happy. Vanity has its pleasures, and mine was abundantly fed, for I heard no voice save that of praise. Oh, how bright the world appeared then! Sorrow and suffering seemed to me as a fable: the sun above me, the waters before me, the flowers beneath me, were all bright and smiling; and why should human life alone be dark and gloomy? it was not natural—it was impossible. You smile, sir, at my folly; but recollect that I was at that time only seventeen—warm, confiding, enthusiastic, and visionary.

At that period, a new ambassador from the English court arrived at Florence. How little did I imagine, when my father recapitulated the titles of the most distinguished individuals in his suite, that my own destiny should be so closely linked with one of them! Instinctive nature, methinks, should have made him pause at the name of the murderer of his child—for, oh! he is the murderer; yet, it is sweeter to die for him, than live for all the world besides. One morning—well do I recollect it—'twas the 13th of June, a gentleman called at our

house, with an official communication from the ambassador to my father. On learning that he was absent, he required permission to await his return, and employed the interval by strolling in the grounds. There, in an arbour to which I had retired from the burning rays of the sun, we first met. Even now, sir, I could recall every word that was spoken at that blissful interview. Mutually pleased with each other, I assented to his earnest entreaty to see me on the following day, when he should repeat his visit to my father. He came, and came again, and again, availing himself of the facilities which business ostensibly afforded him to come to the house daily. My parents deemed themselves flattered by his intimacy; and my proud heart, knowing whence it originated, became prouder still. Not even the ambassador himself was an object of such universal attraction and interest, as his handsome and fascinating cousin. He was allied to one of the oldest families in the English peerage, and the heir to one of the noblest titles and estates. But these alone were not the distinctions of Frederick—no! I had nearly suffered that magic name to escape my lips; but no, I cannot tell it you; do not require me to repeat it; yet you have doubtless often heard it; for surely his splendid endowments, his persuasive oratory, have been well known to his fellow-countrymen. At Florence he was the idol of all ranks; he possessed the rarest conversational powers: and to be admitted to his society was coveted as an honour by every one. Think, then, how flattered I felt, to be selected from all Florence, the companion of his daily walks, hearkening to his voice so silver sweet—oh, 'twas too sweet for truth—as it poured the irresistible language of love into my ear, and, as I fondly believed, into no other ear but mine! When I remind you that he was young, and strikingly handsome, you will not imagine that those qualities tended to weaken the impression which his captivating manners had made upon me. I loved him with all the fervor and enthusiasm of my nature, and credulously thought, that because he lavished on me idle compliments, and the most devoted attention, that I was beloved in return. Frank and confiding, I concealed not my passion; abandoning myself to the delicious delusion, that the more I loved, he was the more my debtor; that it lessened the disparity of rank between us, and would be the medium of equalizing our state. I tendered to him the unalloyed treasure of my heart's mintage, and received in return only the glittering counterfeit coinage of the lip! For a while the dream lasted; I thought, nay, all expected, save himself, that I was to be his bride. Many a scheme of happiness and grandeur

floated on my mind, when Frederick was hastily summoned to England by the death of a near relation. How did I long to accompany him to that land of liberty! Already I felt half naturalized. Frederick had initiated me in the language, and of the manners and institutions of the country I had a very distinct idea.

It was on a bright summer's evening that we parted. I shuddered as I looked on the setting sun, and knew that on the following night I should watch its decline alone. But little deemed I that my happiness had then expired! Why did he not tell me we were to part for ever? why mock me with idle promises of a speedy return, and eternal fidelity, and love, and bliss, and marriage? Oh sir! there are men who would recoil with horror, if desired to point a pistol at the breast of the woman who has trusted in them, who yet will calmly and deliberately, with the weapons of perfidy and falsehood, pierce her bosom through and through, and let out existence, drop by drop; and is that less murder which occupies years in its completion, than that which is the deed of a moment? I am a young moralist, sir; but sorrow is a powerful instructor. The unmeaning attentions which men offer to us are to them nothing, but to us every thing. Woman has comparatively but few resources of pleasure—it is cruel of man; to turn one of the sweetest, the purest that is open to her, to a fount of poison. Forgive me, I was obliged to digress. It makes me soul-sick to retrace what I then endured. Where was I? Had I told you that he sailed without me; done that which he had so often sworn he could never do? For some months the receipt of kind letters from him consoled me for his absence; yet, after awhile, these became less frequent and less fond, until at length they ceased altogether. I did not suppose I could have survived it, and yet I did; the heart is often long, too long, in breaking.

About twelve months after his departure, I was separated from my beloved parents for ever in this world. An epidemic fever deprived me of them both in one short week. Yet though I never quitted their bedside, I could not imbibe their disease. How earnestly did I wish that I might, so that one grave should hold us all! At their deaths I found myself compelled to look around to procure my own subsistence, for my father's income died with him; and, having always lived up to its full extent, I found myself, after discharging his debts, the mistress of but a trivial sum. True, indeed, I had relations who offered me an asylum; but my pride revolted from the servile dependence which is exacted from a poor relative. With spirits broken, and health impaired, what was I fitted for? Gladly did I

accept the offer to become nursery governess in the family of an English countess. It is now exactly a year since I arrived with her in this country. As the countess was in a bad state of health, we resided entirely in the country; and thus the slight chance, which an abode in London would have afforded me, of meeting with Frederick was frustrated. In reading the newspapers, I ignorantly wondered that his talent did not form the daily subject of their praise. But I never even met with his name. The caprice and tyranny of lady Arlington would have been, to many young persons, insupportable; but I was attached to her little girl, and bore with it. At length she grew tired of my perpetual apathy, as she termed my forbearance under her insolence. Well knowing, however, that I had a spirit which, when once thoroughly roused, slumbered not easily, she reproached me with endeavouring to wean the affections of her husband—a poor fool, whom in my heart I scorned and despised—from herself. She was determined to disbelieve me, and eventually made this absurd pretence a reason for my dismissal. I applied for several situations similar to that which I had quitted, but invariably failed, through the extensive and malicious influence of lady Arlington.

I was advised to come to London, and almost felt grateful for any chance that made me an inhabitant of the same city with Frederick. It was something to inhale the same air with him, to tread the same streets. Once—only once—I thought of addressing one more letter to him; but, thank heaven, my native pride triumphed over my weakness, and spared me the mortification of proving, that I still remembered where I was forgotten. Finding my little stock of money rapidly diminishing, and no prospect of a situation presenting itself, I acceded to the suggestions of Mrs. Gordon, the kind-hearted woman in whose house I lodged, to offer myself as an assistant at a celebrated French artificial florist's. My application was successful, and in the course of a few days I became an inmate at the house. Ah! how little did I anticipate, when decorating with garlands the ball-room of my father's house, that what I had taught myself as an amusement, should one day avail me as the means of subsistence. I continued in this employment with as much content as could be expected, broken-hearted as I was, without home, friends, or country. My mistress (long was it ere I could teach my lips to pronounce that word) was extremely kind, and strove, by every method in her power, to counteract the fatal effects of the vicissitudes I had undergone. Happily for me, her efforts proved abortive. Each day I felt my strength fail more and more, and gaw with satisfaction the grave, the long

wished-for grave, opening before me. I might perhaps have lingered on through many tedious months, but heaven mercifully accelerated my fate by a circumstance which I am now about to mention.

About six weeks since, while engaged in waiting on some ladies in the show-room, of which, from the superiority of my manners, I was constituted superintendant, my ear caught the name of Frederick, as it was frequently pronounced in another part of the room. I never could listen to that name without endeavouring to discover if the individual who owned it was worthy to bear the same designation that *he* bore. I instinctively turned and beheld—oh! it will kill me if I go over that scene again—you may guess it was, it was my soul's idol. Yes, it was he, accompanied by a lady, whom he regarded with looks of the fondest affection. I did not shriek, for the sick and suffocating emotion I felt almost stifled me. Wishing, yet fearing, to prove whether he would recognise me, I contrived to separate myself from the party I was attending, to offer my services to the lady who was his companion. 'What a beautiful girl!' exclaimed she, as I approached. What think you was his answer? Oh God! it thrills through my frame now. 'Yes, has been—but looks so sickly.' Sickly! and who made me so? If his own brow was bright with the glow of health, why so had mine been ere he chased away its bloom for ever. What, then, he would spurn a wan cheek and attenuated form, even though his own perfidy had caused them. I struggled, and forced myself, by an effort of desperation, to offer to him a bouquet of flowers, such as I knew he admired. 'These were imported from Florence, sir,' said I, laying strong emphasis on the name of the city. 'Ha!' cried he, and I fancied I saw a slight variation in his countenance; when his fair companion made some remark, and turning to reply, he carelessly threw the flowers out of his hand, even as he had flung away my love. I made no farther trial of his memory. How did I wish I had no memory myself—but over the ruins of health it still flung its faded light. No tears filled my eyes, but my heart wept. Were you, sir, one of my own sex, I should not be ashamed to tell you what burning envy fired my bosom, as I heard my lover bestowing on another the same epithets of affection which he had been accustomed to lavish on me. I could not bear it, and I withdrew to an inner room to hate him—it was all the satisfaction there was left me—and I could not hate him in his presence. In a few days afterwards I saw his marriage announced in the newspapers! From that hour I grew gradually worse. I remained in Albemarle-street as long as these thin fingers had pow-

er to wreathe the flowers together; but when even that light employment became fatiguing and painful to me, I insisted on resigning my situation and quitting the house. Here, then, I shall die in peace; and my latest blessing will rest on you, sir, for the precious consolation you have afforded me in this trying hour.

The third day after Francesca had terminated her narrative, on paying her my accustomed visit, I was shocked to observe the fatal alteration that had taken place in her appearance. It was too certain that the hour was near, which to her would have no successor in this world. She exhibited every symptom of approaching dissolution; yet she retained perception and speech, and conversed with me cheerfully and rationally. While thus engaged, she suddenly uttered a piercing shriek, and, making a violent effort to raise herself in bed, exclaimed, "No! no! I cannot be deceived! 'tis he! 'tis he! Let him come and see where he has laid me! Yet, no! I would forgive all now, even thee—oh! Frederick!" She pronounced the last word in a tone so vehement and peculiar, that a gentleman who was standing near, but whom I had not before noticed, with one of the medical attendants, turned hastily round, and I recognised him to be one of the governors of the hospital with whom I was well acquainted. On perceiving me, he came up to the bed of Francesca, saying, "Did you wish to speak to me, Mr. Villers? I thought I heard you mention my name." "No, my lord," I replied; "I did not see you till this moment—it was not I who called you; this poor girl—Why, Francesca, my dear child, what means this dreadful agitation?"

I gazed on the dying girl in astonishment, and never can I forget the extraordinary expression of her countenance. I feared, from the wildness of her look, that reason had fled for ever; but, as though she had read my thoughts, she said, "I am not mad; he has done all he could to make me, but I am not, though! Would to heaven my senses had left me, long, long ago! Don't you see he is too proud to remember me in an hospital?" "Who remember you, my dear?" "He, —he, who stands before you there—Frederick Mortimer."

This was the first time that she had mentioned her lover's surname. It was also the governor's title! An indistinct recollection floated on my mind that lord Mortimer had invariably evaded the subject of his tour to Italy, whenever I had by chance recurred to it. I fixed my stern gaze on him, and perceived that he was strongly agitated, while I said: "My lord! is this young female known to you?" He answered not; but, after scrutinising her face with intense

anxiety, exclaimed, "Gracious heaven! it cannot be! Yet that voice, those eyes! You are not, you dare not be Francesca Vitelli!" He caught her cold, bloodless hands, which she released from his grasp, and drew from her bosom a little miniature that she had preserved close to her heart. "Frederick," she murmured, "when you gave me—yes, me, Francesca, this—you are not deceived—you bade me keep it till my dying hour; that hour is now come,—take it, I have no further need of it. Yet one more kiss—it has been a sweet solace to me; it never altered, when you deserted me; and when you coldly averted your face, *this* smiled on me, fondly as ever. Oh! promise me—yet the request is selfish—never to give it to another." "Never! never! on my soul!" "Enough! Now speak no more, Frederick. I fain would love you in my dying moments, and when I hear that fatal voice, all broken vows rush on my recollection. I do not believe that you designed to kill me, yet you well knew that I never could survive neglect. But I thank you for my fate; death hath peace, and what hath life in it so good as that? You have a wife—does she love you? She never can so much as I have done. Ah! where are you gone? I cannot see you—my sight grows dim. Oh! do not leave me, I implore you, Frederick!"

He groaned aloud in anguish, as he pressed her icy, bloodless hands to his bosom, saying, "Leave you, my beloved! would that I had never left you! but Francesca, you have not forgiven me. But I deserve your curses." "I never cursed you," she cried "May heaven pardon you as freely as I do. He (pointing to me) he will relate to you all that has happened to me. He has been the best friend I have met with since I lost my parents. Oh! I shall soon meet them now. I have suffered much since we parted, Frederick; sickness, and poverty, and scorn,—you were wont to say your poor Francesca was only born to be happy." "For mercy's sake, forbear!" exclaimed lord Mortimer; "drive me not to madness; 'tis I have done all this; I have revelled in luxury while you—oh! 'tis too much—had I but kept the oaths I swore to you, you might have been——"

"Not happier than I am now, Frederick. Think of me, sometimes; on your death-bed remember me. Oh! all is dark around me—and my heart is cold, quite cold—am I in your arms still, Frederick? I cannot feel you—farewell—Oh! mercy, mercy heaven—" Her head fell back on Mortimer's bosom; one short groan, one convulsive sob, and the struggle was over. The soul was free, and Francesca Vitelli at peace for ever.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE PERSIANS.

No. II.

IN Persia one may very often travel from forty to seventy miles without seeing a house or a human creature, but ride through a perfect desert, and at length come to a small village, where you cannot stay long, as they would not have provisions for you: these villages, even the smallest, consisting of not more than half a dozen houses, have all a wall round them to protect the inhabitants from the robbers with which the country swarms. In these villages there may be a few trees, but that is the only verdure seen for miles along the road; indeed nothing can be imagined more desolate than the country. The king, having eight sons, divides his kingdom into as many governments, giving one to each, who, in his turn, deposes it to a vizier, and thus there are three rapacious governors to be satisfied instead of one.

In the south of Persia there is hardly any rain or dew; the people never catch cold; they sleep mostly in the air on the tops of their houses, and the finest tempered steel might be exposed all night without fear of rust. At Tabriz, on the contrary, it rains in torrents, and in all the northern parts of the kingdom. The Persians are proverbially given to lying, and if detected in a falsehood, laugh in approbation of their cunning, instead of blushing for their duplicity; they are a most fickle people, for a great man of the court, who was yesterday bastinadoed, will, perhaps, be a great favourite a fortnight hence.

In 1810, the Persians found the tomb of one of their kings who reigned several centuries ago; there were great treasures buried with him, and in the same grave were buried nine of his daughters, who were murdered (according to a custom then, and in later times very general) lest they should disgrace their family by a low marriage. Round all the corpses was a great profusion of gold and pearls; they had been interred in a cavern dug by the side of a rock near Tabriz, and covered with stones, closely fitted into the cavity; these stones were shaken by an earthquake, and discovered the tomb. The peasants who discovered it were in great alarm, as it is almost certain death to find a treasure in Persia, since the discoverer, whatever amount he produces, is always supposed to have hid more, and generally tortured to make him disclose where. The two men who found it, went to the Governor of the place before they touched it, and he sent word to the king, who was much

delighted with his acquisition, which proved to be very valuable.

The Persians deride and abuse each other in terms so gross as to be ridiculous; the King one day said to the Ambassador, "I have three very fine dogs at home, and I have three here too—there's one, there is another, and there is another," pointing to the Grand Vizier, and two others of his ministers who had incurred his displeasure; they bowed in the most abject manner, confessed that they were unworthy of his favour, and went away, delighted that their humility had put him in a good humour.

The national vanity of the Persians is constantly and injudiciously displayed in their pictures. In an action once where three hundred Persians ran away from seventeen Russians, there was a picture made of it in which the former were represented cutting down the Russians most heroically: the Persians were painted of gigantic strength and stature, while the Russians were made pigmies. The cowardice of the Persians is excessive; one of their commanders told the English minister that he once, with 10,000 men, surrounded twenty Russians, who had intrenched themselves, and from that position killed many Persians.—"I told them," he said, "to rush on them and cut them to pieces, but the rascals would not advance, and as they were continually falling, I was obliged to march them away."

The education of a royal family in Persia is very oddly conducted; the king gives his son to the grand vizier, or any nobleman of his court, and, as a great favour, permits him to bring him up and educate him; he, of course, is obliged to express himself delighted with the honour, and though the royal urchin turns every thing topsy-turvy in his house, is obliged to humour him. The royal marriages are arranged with the same view to policy as those of European courts, and frequently at the moment of birth. The sister of the prince of Shiraz, the king's daughter, was lately, by a formal order of the king, married to a cousin three years old.

The Fakys (Derixhes) of Persia sell, for the value of about half a crown, charms which, they pretend, enable any one to play with the most venomous serpents with impunity: they themselves certainly do so. The Persians say, that if a foreigner meet with a scorpion, and tell it he is a stranger, the animal will not bite him.

They are very severe in their punishments lately three men were put to death for robbery; one of these was hanged, another beheaded, and the third put into a vessel containing a quantity of gunpowder and blown up. The English Ambassador, soon after his arrival, made complaint to the government that some of his baggage had been

plundered and injured; and three days after, to his great surprise and regret, he heard that one man had been executed, and two or three mutilated, having their ears or noses cut off, or their eyes put out.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

TRADITIONS CONCERNING THE STORY OF MACBETH.

IN the parish of Collace in Perthshire, Scotland, stands Dunsinane Hill, 1040 feet high, on which anciently stood the castle of Macbeth. The story of the usurper's defeat, of his flight northward, and of his having been killed at Lumphaunan, in Aberdeenshire, is well known to every reader of Scottish History; but it is not a little singular, that the popular traditions of this part of the country give a totally different account of the end of Macbeth, from what is done by historians. The traditions amount to this: that Macbeth, after his elevation to the throne, had resided for ten years at Carnbaddie, where the vestiges of his castle are still to be seen. During these times witchcraft was very much practised in Scotland by all ranks, and two of the most famous witches in the kingdom lived on the demesnes of Macbeth. Macbeth, taking a superstitious turn, applied to them for advice, and by their counsel he erected on the top of an adjoining hill a lofty castle, since called Dunsinane, which, in the Gaelic tongue, signifies the "*nest of ants*;" implying the great labour and industry so essentially requisite in raising so vast a building. From the top of the hill there is an extensive view of 50 miles, and there could not be a more commanding situation, as the poet shews in the words of Macbeth—

"Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

When Malcolm Canmore came into Scotland, supported by the English auxiliaries, to recover his dominions from Macbeth the *Giant*, as the country people called him, he marched first to Deurkield, in order to meet with those friends who had promised to join him from the north. This led him to Birnham Wood, where accidentally they were induced, either by way of distinction, or some other motive, to ornament their bonnets with the branches of trees. The people in the neighbourhood stated, as the tradition of the country, that they were discovered in this situation by the spies of Macbeth. He then began to despair, in consequence of the witches' predictions, who had warned him to beware "when Birnham Wood should come to Dunsinane;" and when Malcolm prepared to attack the castle,

where it was principally defended by the rocks, he immediately deserted it; and, flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill; was dashed to pieces on the rocks, and his remains buried in *Lang Man's Grave*, as it is called, which is still extant. Not far from this grave is the road where, according to tradition, Banco was murdered.

The resemblance between these traditions and Shakspeare's account of the same event, in his tragedy of Macbeth, is extremely remarkable, and suggests the idea that this celebrated dramatist, from local and other situations in the play, must have collected the tradition on the spot: because, had he taken the subject of his play from Scottish history, he must have represented Macbeth as having perished in a different part of the country. The only material difference between the tradition and the tragedy is, that, by the former, Macbeth cast himself from the top of a rock: whereas, Shakspeare, in consistency with poetical justice, and the rules of the drama, as well as to impart a greater interest to the catastrophe, represents the usurper as falling in single combat with Macduff, whom he had so deeply injured.

In Guthrie's History of Scotland, (vol. VIII. p. 350), it is stated, that, anno 1599, King James desired Elizabeth to send him a company of English comedians; with which request she complied; and James gave them a licence to act in his capital, and before his court. "I have great reason," he adds, "to think that the immortal Shakspeare was of the number." There is no doubt that plays, in the same year, were exhibited in Perth, within a few miles of Dunsinane, and from the old records kept at Perth at that period, it appears, that on the 3d of June, the Kirk session of Perth authorized this amusement, after having examined the copy of the play. The actors were at that time all of them men, no women having appeared on the stage till the reign of Charles the Second.

We do not find among the traditions the name of Lady Macbeth. Macbeth probably might have married, but we are inclined to think the character is a creation of the poet's brain: for it is one, not from its atrocity, but from its masculine and highly-wrought powers, that has seldom or ever been met with in real life. Macduff, Banco, or Banquo, Duncan, Lenox, and Ross, were living characters: but the supernumeraries are probably the fictions of the poet. However, it is generally affirmed by historians, notwithstanding the tradition we have noticed, as happening in Perthshire, that Macbeth was killed at Lumphaunan, in the county of Aberdeen. About a mile

northward from the parish church, on the brow of a hill, is a heap of stones, called Macbeth's Cairn. It is forty yards in circumference, and rises in the middle to a considerable height. It is said, that Macbeth, flying from the south, had only a few attendants when he arrived at Lumphaunan; and that he endeavoured to secrete himself at a place called Cairnbaddy; but finding that impracticable, he continued his route northward for about a mile, till Macduff, outriding his company, overtook him on the spot where the Cairn is placed; killed him in single combat, and brought back his head to the army. Here the tradition agrees with the tragedy, but varying in the place, this being at Lumphaunan, in Aberdeenshire, and Shakspeare's scene at Dunsinane, in Perthshire. However, for the sake of dramatic propriety, as we before observed, the conclusion of the tragedy could not but take place at Dunsinane.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF CALEB WHITEFOORD.

CALEB WHITEFOORD was born at Edinburgh in 1734. After going through all the branches of a polite education at the schools and university of that city, he was sent to London, and placed in the counting-house of an eminent wine merchant. While in this situation, his father died, leaving Caleb and his sister the bulk of his fortune. Shortly after, Mr. Whitefoord went to France, where he spent about two years. He then returned to England, and being of age, embarked his patrimony in the wine trade, in partnership with a Mr. Thomas Brown.

Mr. Whitefoord's life, after this period, was one of continual gaiety and enjoyment. He possessed strong natural talents, with learning and taste; but content that these were to recommend him to the society of the most choice spirits of his day, his ambition aspired no higher. Delighted with the intercourse, and honoured by the esteem of such men as Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Foote, he appears to have looked with indifference on all the world besides. Had he not accidentally formed an acquaintance with Mr. Woodfall the printer, it is doubtful whether he would ever himself have attempted to appear as a writer; and when stimulated to it by that gentleman, he consented, rather to amuse a vacant heart than with any view to literary distinction. To Woodfall's paper, *The Public Advertiser*, he became a frequent contributor of short satirical pieces, both in prose and verse, which attracted much notice for their singularity, wit, and humour; but so care-

less was he about the reputation which they brought him, that as soon as gone from his pen, he took no further concern about them, and left them exposed and deserted, till Almon and Debrett sought after and gave them a place in that appropriate asylum, "*The Foundling Hospital for Wit.*"

In his political sentiments, Mr. Whitefoord was attached to the ministry of the day, and his satire took a corresponding direction. Of its tendency to serve them, Dr. Smollett has expressed a very flattering opinion, in a letter which he wrote to Mr. Whitefoord, from Italy, 1770. The ministry themselves were so satisfied with the ability which Mr. Whitefoord had displayed in their support, that he was requested by one of their number to write a pamphlet on the subject of the misunderstanding which then existed between Great Britain and Spain, in regard to the Falkland Islands. Mr. Whitefoord declined engaging in the task himself, but recommended Dr. Johnson as the ablest person who could be selected for the purpose. Dr. Johnson was accordingly employed, and produced his celebrated pamphlet, entitled "*Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting the Falkland Islands.*"

When the American colonies succeeded in separating themselves from the mother country, and commissioners were appointed to meet at Paris, to treat of a general peace, Mr. Whitefoord, who was the friend of Dr. Franklin, and had latterly become a convert to the claims of America, was appointed secretary to the British commission. After the signature, on the 30th of November, 1782, of the preliminary articles, declaratory of the independence of the United States, Mr. Whitefoord remained at Paris several months longer, as Secretary to Mr. Fitzherbert, (afterwards Lord St. Helens,) who was the minister charged to negotiate the definitive treaties of peace with the United States, and those European powers who had espoused their cause. Three of the treaties concluded on this occasion are in the handwriting of Mr. Whitefoord. On returning from the continent, he found that Lord Shelburne had resigned without making any provision for him; and he was obliged to refer his claims to the coalition administration, by whom they were rejected. Seven years after, the neglect which he had experienced was brought under the notice of the King, who ordered him a pension, but of so small an amount as to induce a suspicion, that, even at that late period, a person might have a better recommendation to royal favour, than that of having written the treaty which established the independence of America.

While thus poorly requited for his services to the government, Mr. Whitefoord found ample sources of consolation in the increase

of esteem with which he was regarded, not only by his friends, but by the community at large. So high was the opinion generally entertained of his literary and scientific acquirements, that the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, each elected him a member of their body; and in the fine arts, of which he had formed an admirable collection of specimens, his judgment as a connoisseur was held in such repute, that the Society for improvements of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, elected him, first to be the chairman of their Committee of Fine Arts, and afterwards to be their Vice President, an honour which it has been usual to confer on persons of elevated rank alone.

Mr. Whitefoord survived nearly all his early and most esteemed associates. He died in 1809, at the advanced age of seventy-five. He married, late in life, a lady of the name of Shedley, by whom he left four children, two sons and two daughters. The excellent character which Goldsmith drew of Whitefoord, when in the flower of his days, is that which will accompany his name to posterity. The events of his after life furnish no cause either to add or take away any thing. His diplomatic employments, his learned honours, all prove how truly Goldsmith had conjectured, that although engrossed by the passing hour, he was possessed of talents equal to any station or attainment.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing

IMPROVING THE VOICE.

A FINE toned voice for speaking or singing, is, like poetical genius, a gift of nature; but the worst voice may be improved, and a fine voice may be preserved from being cracked and ruined. The first and most effectual means of improving the voice, is constantly exercising it, particularly in the pitch and tones in which it is most deficient. The most remarkable effects have been produced by this means. As respects ease and rapidity of transition, constant practice is indispensable, for the reeds of the voice are in this respect entirely like the fingers. Exercise and practice have also a powerful influence on the nerves and muscles, the two main instruments of the voice. A labouring man has the muscles and nerves of his arms greatly increased in size, and power, from continued exercise; and the same effect

will be produced on the nerves and muscles of the voice by repeated practice. Without strength of nerves and muscles, the voice must be weak, tremulous, squeaking, and without compass. The sky-lark, whose pipe is so powerful, is found to have those of extraordinary capacity.

By frequently exercising the tones in which the voice is most deficient, the parts will, to a certainty, acquire strength. To public speakers, are recommended not only speaking aloud in private, at various pitches of the voice, but also frequent practice in singing in different keys, which requires more exertion and compass of voice, and will consequently more powerfully strengthen the muscles and nerves, by directing thither a greater supply of blood, the chief invigorating principle of the body. Another very efficacious mode of strengthening the voice is, bathing and gargling the throat regularly, morning and evening, with cold water, which braces the parts and invigorates the nerves. On this principle, all warm cravats, and other clothing muffled up over the throat, prove relaxing and injurious. If you are afraid of catching cold, defend well the parts below the ear and the angle of the jaw, and you may safely leave the fore part of the throat, where the organ of the voice is, naked to the winter's blast. With respect to food and drink, all acids and astringents injure the voice, by hardening and crisping the more delicate fibres of the reeds. Oranges, apples, stone fruit of every kind, nuts, raisins, port wine, rough flavoured tea, &c. are all highly injurious to the power and polish of the voice, and ought to be avoided, or used sparingly. If the throat is apt to become harsh and dry, the best moisture is peppermint or nitre lozenges, or a small piece of purified nitre, or of salt prunelle, allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth. When the voice is required to be forced for any great emergency, there is nothing superior to a raw egg, beat up with a wine glassful of good Maderia, or half the quantity of brandy, or spirits, and a little water; to which may be added with great advantage, two or three tea-spoonsful of the compound tincture of cinnamon. This tincture is of itself an excellent tonic for the voice. The egg prevents the spirit from acting all at once, and it likewise preserves the stomach from getting out of order, which, otherwise, would hurt the voice. What-

ever tends to injure digestion, or impair the general health, will also hurt the voice, such as irregular living, late hours, want of exercise, improper feasting, and all sensual indulgences.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

WILL O' THE WISPS.—Take a small glass retort that will hold about four ounces, liquid measure; put in two or three pieces of phosphorus, about half an inch long, and of the shape of a tobacco-pipe, such as are sold at the chymists; also double the quantity of caustic potass; fill the retort with cold distilled water, suspend it by a piece of wire from the ceiling, just at the bend of the retort, and very gently let the long beak sink below the surface of a bason of cold water; then apply a table lamp, or a candle; and when the contents boil, darken the room, and you will have "Will o' the Wisps," in all their imaginary forms, to your heart's content.

TO SWEETEN MEAT, ETC. THAT IS TAINT-ED.—When meat, fish, &c. from intense heat, or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and pure mode of keeping them sound and healthful, is by putting a few pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan, wherein the fish or flesh are to be boiled. Among others, an experiment of this kind was tried upon a turbot, which appeared to be too far gone to be eatable: the cook put three or four pieces of charcoal under the strainer, and the turbot came to the table perfectly sweet and firm.

INSTRUMENT FOR DETERMINING THE COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF ANIMALS.—The first instrument of this sort was invented by Graham, and improved by Desaguliers; but being constructed of wooden work, it was too bulky and heavy to be portable; and besides, to make experiments on different parts of the body, several machines were necessary, each suited to the part to be tried. At the request of Buffon and Guineau, M. Regnier was induced to direct his attention to the subject, and produced a much simpler and more convenient instrument, which has been since known by the name of *Regnier's Dynamometer*. This instrument consists of a spring, twelve inches in length, composed of the best steel, well welded and tempered, and bent into the form of an ellipsis. When a person compresses this spring with his hands, or when a horse draws it out lengthwise, by pulling the two extremities, the sides of the spring approach each other; and by an apparatus appended to it, consisting of an index and semicircular plate, the degree of approach, and consequently of effort employed, is ascertained with the greatest accuracy.

LITERATURE.

The Albigenses. By the author of "*Woman*," "*Bertram*," &c. New-York. 3 vo. 1824.

THIS is the most finished offspring of Mr. Maturin's pen; more spirited and less exceptionable than many of his former productions. It is an historical romance; and he informs us that it is the first of a series of romances illustrative of the manners, character, and feelings of ancient, middle, and modern times. He follows the order of time, and the present volumes are devoted to the manners of the thirteenth century.

This period in the history of the world is highly interesting; it is in fact the romance of real life. The fantastic superstition, the heroism, the feudal splendor, the devotion in battle, in faith and in love, which characterized those times, form a striking contrast with the coldness, the hypocrisy, and the refinement of modern days. Historians have distinguished those times, by the appellation of the barbarous ages, and we are very ready to re-echo the term with much self-satisfaction, congratulating ourselves the while, on the superior refinement of our own happy days. Perhaps, if we knew a little more about these *barbarous ages*, and would take the trouble to learn what is the proper meaning of barbarity, we should not be quite so oracular on the subject. We are told, and truly, that a leading trait of polished life, is the allotment to woman of her proper rank in society; and it is added, in confirmation, that amongst all savage nations the situation of woman is deplorably wretched. Apply then this touchstone to the feudal ages. Has there ever been a period when woman held a higher rank, or a more despotic sway than in the good old days of chivalry? Her sway of course was not that of intellect, for that can never be; allowing her a natural equality of mind with man, and he is a fool or a flatterer who attributes to her less or more, the time can never arrive when she may *generally* claim intellectual superiority over the lords of creation. Until she preside in the councils, dispense the laws, direct the resources, and head the armies of nations, and he manage the nursery, superintend the domestic concerns, work ruffles, and finger the piano, the intellectual power must be in man, and she must govern by gentleness, purity, kind-

ness, and modesty. This is the order of nature, and it is just.

The sway of woman in the *barbarous* ages, was the sway of beauty and of love. The lady sat in her bower; her knight knelt before her, vowed his truth and pledged himself to conquer in her name, and for her sake to be merciful to the conquered. She sat in her latticed window, and listened to his parting roundelay and the receding tramp of his steed as he went forth to the battle. She sat in her father's hall, and he laid at her feet the trophies of his strong right arm. She sat in the tournament to see him with his good lance overthrow all competitors, and her own fair hand encircled his brow with the wreath of triumph: and then the Gothic chapel rung with the bridal hymn as the brave and the beautiful stood before the sacred altar, and the gray priest

"Bound the holy knot before St. Mary's shrine
Which makes a paradise on earth when hands and hearts
entwine."

And this was in the *barbarous* ages. We wish most heartily that our own refined ages had a little tinge of this barbarity. In the present day, when poor little Cupid's back is well nigh broken by his loads of L. S. D; when he bears, as Mr. Croly tells us,

"—a brow of care and gloom
Fixed upoone the earthlye moulde,
Thinking onne the sullene golde."

Now, that he carries a pocket-book in one hand and a market-basket in the other, we doubt much whether modern lovers would run the risk of a mortal encounter, or even a broken head, for a bright smile or a kind word. We have our doubts too whether the ladies (we cry mercy, if we are wrong) would prize courtly valour, lofty birth, and devoted love, so much as a splendidly furnished house and a dazzling equipage. Now a days it is a "bank-note world," as one of our finest wits and first rate poets has happily christened it.

The age of which we have spoken is portrayed by Mr. Maturin in the most spirited colours. He has blended history with romance, fact with fancy, truth with fable; yet so judiciously as to leave a correct impression of the characters and the actions of the real persons whom he introduces in his pages, and a faithful idea of the spirit of the times. His hero is a true son of chivalry, *Sir Paladour de la Croix Sanglante*. He bears this title from his first ex-

plot, which was the rescuing a heretic child from the burning ruins of a captured castle, and baptizing it in his own blood with the sign of the cross on its young forehead. There is a mystery in the introduction of Sir Paladour, and a secret spell that hangs over his destiny. In the course of the tale, we learn that he is doomed to murder a beautiful and innocent female, and that it is a deed which must be done. He discovers on his bridal night that the devoted victim is his own bride Isabelle of Courtenaye. In order to escape his dreadful destiny, he attempts self-slaughter; the castle is alarmed by the cries of Isabelle; the bridal chamber is broken open, but the lady and her lover are gone. By and by we see the banner of the celebrated Raymond of Toulouse reared in hostility against the *oriflamme* of France. Amidst the warriors of Count Raymond is an unknown knight in black armour. His plume is seen waving where the battle is thickest, and his war-cry is heard where the war-shouts are loudest. The black knight is attended by a singular and ill-favoured page. The knight is Sir Paladour of the Bloody Cross, and the page is the Lady Isabelle disguised, unknown to her husband. All is satisfactorily explained. Sir Paladour is recognised as the son of Count Raymond, who many years before, when his castle was destroyed and his family nearly exterminated by the lord of Courtenaye, had bound the youthful Paladour by a dreadful oath to avenge the wrongs of his house, by pursuing to death all the members of the family of Courtenaye. Father and son were soon separated, and the boy fell into the hands of *Marie de Mortemar*, the sybil of these events. She too had suffered from the house of Courtenaye, and devoted her life to vengeance. She watched the boy from childhood; she knew of his fearful vow in infancy, which hung over his recollection darkly, indistinctly, and mystically. He had faint remembrances of what he had sworn, but knew not the objects on whom his avenging arm must fall. When he grew up, she led him to the castle of Courtenaye, where he wooed the lady Isabelle, and when their hands were united, on the bridal night, this mysterious being appears before Sir Paladour and tells him that his bride is the victim whom he must sacrifice. It is she that removes Sir Paladour and Isabelle from the castle on the fatal night, and having satiated

her revenge with the death of the lord of Courtenay, she relents, and heals the wounds of Sir Paladour. She also disguises the lady, and presents her to her husband as a page. The story terminates with the reunion and happiness of the long-wretched pair.

This woman, *Marie de Mortemar*, is a principal agent in the passing circumstances. She is drawn in the true style of romance, and flits among the personages of the tale, a fearful, wild, powerful, and unearthly creature. She is a second Hecate; and the unhallowed rites of witchcraft which she practises, her appearance, language, and actions, are all executed with wonderful spirit. When we look upon her midnight orgies, and listen to her mystical mutterings over the boiling caldron, we cannot but acknowledge that she and her haggard companions are full sisters to the witches of Macbeth.

The celebrated Simon De Montfort, the champion of the church and defender of the cross, is one of the leading characters in the *Albigenses*, and is described such as he really was, bold, powerful, and brutal in the extreme. The most strongly marked mental character of all is the warlike bishop of Toulouse, a man in whom nature united prodigious energies and aspirations of mind, with equally uncommon physical powers. This prelate's mitre is seen where the symbol of religion should never be seen, in the strife and the rage of battle; and his voice, which properly ought to breathe pardon, peace, and forgiveness, is heard above all others in the clamours of bloody and exterminating bands. There is a dark sublimity in his character, which enforces admiration, while it excites apprehension. There are many others in these volumes deserving our notice:—the Prince Louis, Sir Aymer de Chastelroi, Sir Ezzelin de Verac the fop, and the knight of Semonville, the fool of the romance, the beautiful Albigeois maiden Genevieve, the young Sir Amiral, the queen Ingelberg, the monk of Montcalm, the mis-quoting Abbot of Normoutier, Adorno the outlaw, and the infamous lord of Courtenaye. But it would be an everlasting task to do them justice. We ought not, however, to omit mentioning that the author introduces to the reader the famous abbess Eloïse, and the white walls of the Paraclete,

"Those deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns."

One word in conclusion with respect to the style of this work. It is very animated, frequently splendid, occasionally affected; but its very affectation is that of an elegant and accomplished mind. In beauty of description, fancy, and strength, it bears the impress of a masterly mind, and Mr. Maturin may look upon this creation of his powerful intellect with just and honourable pride.

J. G. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE truth of this admirable and invaluable science, which enables us to look into the heart of man, and canvass his very soul, has often been disputed by those pugnacious and conceited skeptics who take pleasure in assailing all that is venerable. For my part, I have always been a decided and confiding physiognomist. I have always believed that the human visage is the index of the human character; that if a man be a philosopher, a picaroon, or what not, we can discover his predominant trait, and his habitual and favourite pursuits, in the shape, the colour, the cast, the expression of his countenance. An incident which I am now going to relate, has confirmed me, beyond the possibility of conversion, in my confidence in this truly eminent art.

In order to pass away a leisure hour, I frequently attend the debates in our courts of law, preferring this source of amusement, which affords aliment to the mind as well as to the sense, which, as has been said of the poetry of Beaumont and Fletcher, delights "both ear and intellect," to an idle saunter along Broadway, where I see none but gossips, and hear none but fools. While the court is all in confusion, the judge enters and seats himself on the bench, and the vocation of the crier immediately begins—"Off hats, gentlemen, off hats." And then commences his professional mumble: "Oh yes—oh yes—oh yes! All ye that have been summoned here, pow wow wow, on this jury, pow wow wow, answer to your names, pow wow wow, and save your fines. John Doe—here; James Jackson—here; Caleb Williams—here;" &c. &c. And now the court is organized, and ready to proceed to business. The cause is called for trial, and the advocates appear. About the court we discover a conclave of lawyers, some attending on business, and some to loll on a bench, and see and hear what is going on. Some distinguished for a large share of mind and

an accumulation of legal lore, and others distinguished for neither natural abilities nor acquired ideas; distinguished, in fact, only by a professional hoisting of feet, and importance of look. There is every variety in the circle of professional heads that we see, and Gall and Spurzheim would find abundant occupation in examining the craniums of the New-York bar.

One day (some months ago) as I was attending in the court of chancery, listening to an ingenious and subtle argument of G**ff*n, urged with that force and propriety so peculiar to himself, my attention was suddenly attracted by Fulkerson, the sergeant-at-arms. Every body I believe knows old Fulkerson; but if there be any who know him not, let them imagine an old man about six feet two inches high, with a body remarkably slender, though muscular and powerful. There is no superfluous flesh about sergeant Fulkerson; he is little else than bone, muscle, and skin. His shoulders are broad and square; and there is a gradual and uninterrupted descent from his shoulders down to his feet. His face is large, and is embellished by a long red nose: (for that matter his face is red enough too,) notwithstanding he is as spare built as I have above described him, good cheer is written in legible characters on the disk of Fulkerson's countenance; and it is apparent from the hue of his skin, that few of the good people of Gotham have discussed more of the inspiring beverage than the sergeant at-arms of the New-York Chancery. It happened that an individual availing himself of the rights of a citizen of this free and happy republic, had entered the court room; perhaps to see how public justice was administered; perhaps, like myself, to hear the debates of profound and eloquent pleaders. He had been in the room but few minutes when Fulkerson thrust his long nose in the young man's face, and looking awry with those large ugly gray eyes of his, whispered loud enough to be heard, and with a very ungracious emphasis—"Sir, you can't stay here; you must go out; this is no place for you." The young man seeing that the sergeant was dressed in a little brief authority, (for if a sergeant's staff be not a symbol of authority, I am mistaken indeed,) walked about his business. The worthy chancellor on the bench had his eyes upon the sergeant, and sensible how repugnant it was to our constitution and laws, that a citizen should be thrust out from a court of justice, directed Fulkerson to recall the individual, and desired to know why it had been Mr. Fulkerson's sovereign pleasure to turn him out of doors. "Because," replied the sergeant-at-arms, with a gravity that almost convulsed me with laughter, "*I didn't like his looks!*" The

chancellor admonished him not to repeat the achievement, and there the matter ended.

The value of this incident in support of the veritable science of physiognomy, will be apparent on the slightest reflection, and I trust it will cover with confusion all cavillers on that subject. It will be observed that Fulkerson did not dismiss the young man above mentioned, to gratify a momentary spleen, to make a vain display of his power, or to prevent the court from being disturbed; no, he dismissed him simply because he did not like "*his looks.*" Now, what are a man's *looks* but his *physiognomy*? To make the matter short, sergeant Fulkerson dismissed the young man because he did not admire his *physiognomy*, or in other words, he did not esteem the *interior man* which that physiognomy developed. The reason why the physiognomy, and consequently the character, of that individual, was not agreeable to Mr. Fulkerson, is foreign to the purposes of the present article; no doubt it was because it denoted qualities and features repugnant to the cherished feelings of the sergeant, and towards which he entertained an inherent and violent antipathy. Perhaps he saw that the young man was abstinent and a stranger to strong drink and all wholesome cheer—that he was none of your enamoured votaries of the "Crooskeen lawn;" perhaps that he had a spirit uncongenial with the region of catch-poles and sergeants. But it is needless to multiply conjectures; and indeed it is not my business to dive into the motives which actuated sergeant Fulkerson upon that occasion. It is sufficient to know that he discovered certain qualities in the young man which were in hostility with his darling habits and associations, and that such discovery was made through the medium of the young man's physiognomy.

But what adds infinitely to the worth and weight of this occurrence is, that Fulkerson is an unsophisticated child of nature, old as he is, and none of your speculating observers, your quizzing-glass jockies, your professional physiognomists, who scrutinize the countenance of every man that they meet, and endeavour to learn from the configuration of his face, the shape, location, and length of his nose, and the size of his mouth—the direction of his mind. Had he been one of those persons, I should not have recorded this incident. I should in such case have viewed his conduct as induced by the pride of science, or perhaps a zeal for its illustration. But for the conduct of Fulkerson, no such motive can be suspected. It was a trait of nature. It was a spontaneous act, prompted by immediate and natural impulse alone, and proves definitively that on *nature* alone are founded the principles of the stupendous science of physiognomy.

It has been said of the great Chrysostom, or some one else, that he held the hearts of men in his hand; but how infinitely superior are the prerogatives of the thorough-bred physiognomist! He is intimately acquainted with every individual that he encounters; perhaps more intimately acquainted with him than his dearest friends. His foibles, his virtues, his vices, his eccentricities, every thing belonging to his character is exhibited and spread out before this examiner of man. The physiognomist can judge by the size and figure of the head, the dimensions of the eye, its colour, and its expression, and indeed by a thousand signs, as plain to him as the stars in the firmament above us, of the disposition and designs of every man that he sees, and, therefore, in all his dealings he is happily exempted from those various impositions which the ignorant and unobserving are daily compelled to endure. He can dive into the heart, discover its master passions, and mould them to his purposes. How great the power of the physiognomist! But to return.

As I have had frequent occasion to speak of the sergeant-at-arms, it may not be impertinent to conclude, by devoting a few lines to that honest old man. The world, its high and its low, are daily shaken by the revolutions which the discordant elements of this terrestrial sphere bring about, and, it is with pain that I say it, they have not permitted old Fulkerson to remain entirely unscathed. I could have wished that this ancient appurtenant of our halls of justice had lived on to the end, in the even tenor of his way; but fortune, alas! had ordered it otherwise; "Othello's occupation's gone!" When I enter the court, I look in vain for the blooming countenance of the sergeant. He is no longer to be seen with his oaken stave and his blushing face in the sanctuary of justice! How well do I recollect when the old sergeant called upon me on New-Year's day. "I come to inquire after Mr. Von Tromp's health, and to wish him a happy new year." I handed him a dollar—it was all the change I had; the little children with their "Happy new-year, Mr. Von Tromp," had taken all the rest. "Here, Fulkerson," said I, holding out the piece, "take this, and drink to the prosperity and happiness of Mr. Von Tromp." He departed, and no doubt cheered his honest old heart with a sparkling bumper; but whether Mr. Von Tromp was remembered, and his name ejaculated, at the time, is another thing. This was the last I saw of the sergeant-at-arms, and perhaps the last that I will ever see of his lofty person, and his long red nose. But in whatever part of the world his destiny may carry him, from my heart I wish old Fulkerson well!

CHRISTIAN VON TROMP.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 3. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MIRRA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Protecting Spirit.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Queen of the Rose.*

THE DRAMA.—*King Lear.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Samuel Gustavus Hermelin.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Rise and Progress of Agriculture. Chemical, Mineralogical, and Geological science, as applicable to the useful arts, and in accordance with the present state of those sciences. No. I. Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*On Rural Life.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Remarks on the Fair Sex; by "T. L. R." No. I.*

POETRY.—*Lines for an Album; by "J. G. B." How Kissing Came in Fashion; by "Ario;" The Israelite's Song; by "Marion;" with other pieces.*

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The Cross to be presented to the lady whose prize address shall be selected at the opening of the new Theatre, Chatham Garden, is very elegant and ornamented with pearls and garnets, having a large diamond in the centre.

A superb marble bust of *La Fayette*, executed in Paris, has been purchased by Mr. C. Porter, owner of the New-York and Charleston packet ship, bearing the name of that distinguished patriot, and placed in her cabin.

A bed of iron ore has been discovered on the farm of G. W. Waite, Esq. in New Jersey, about eight miles from Philadelphia, and only a mile and a half from Cooper's Creek, which empties into the Delaware.

A young gentleman of Boston, after twelve months' study and experiments, has it is said accomplished that great desideratum, the unexceptionable application of an elastic power to the propelling of land carriages.

MARRIED,

Mr. Thomas O'Neil to Miss Mary O'Brien.

Mr. Robert Brown to Miss Catharine Rudde-

row.

Mr. James Mortimer Sexton to Miss Catharine Howser.

Mr. Walter W. Conklin to Miss Catharine C. Lyon.

Mr. William Hurst to Miss Nancy Hardie.

DIED,

Mr. William R. Cockshott, aged 22 years.

Mr. George M'Crakan.

Mr. James Nathaway, aged 23 years.

Mrs. Catharine Minton.

Mrs. Eleanor Kingsland, aged 26 years.

Mrs. Schoonmaker, aged 74 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO MARION.

To love, what is it? 'tis to shed
Fond woman's little all of light
On summer clouds, whose tints are fled
Ere scarce they meet the raptured sight.
To yield her youthful heart to one,
To live on earth for him alone,
And feel 'twere almost grief to bear
E'en bliss, unless he too might share.
To give to one her every thought,
And think, that even though bereft
Of every earthly joy, 'twere nought
So the wide storm that dear one left.
To know that she to him has given
The worship which was due to heaven;
Yet in his love to find such bliss,
She asks no other heaven than this.
Vain man may talk of woman's guile,
And curse the hour he learned to prize
The magic of her sunny smile,
And drink the light of her bright eyes;
Yet timid woman may not speak
The wrongs that pall her tender cheek,
Deep, deep within her heart they lie,
What matters it? she can but die!
Oh! many a cheek has lost its bloom,
And many a brilliant eye grown dim,
Man heeds it not—the silent tomb
Soon shrouds the form he broke for him!
When first he was a happy slip,
The honey-dew from his lips,
And knew that it was his own,
Its greatest charm for him was gone.
Oh, woman's love is a gentle light
That sheds its beams on hope's young bowers,
Man's is the fell sirocco's blight,
That blasts the fairest, sweetest flowers;
Yet though the buds of hope are gone,
That steady light will still shine on,
Shine on despite of grief and gloom,
Like sunbeams on a mould'ring tomb!

IANTHE.

THE VOW.

The rose is my favourite flower:
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.
I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come! I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands, have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

THE HOUR OF DEATH:

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer:
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

PASTORAL STANZAS:

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

The other morn I took my round
Amidst my garden's sweet retreat,
What time the sunbeam touch'd the ground,
With its soft reviving heat:
There on my favourite flowery bed
I cast my scarcely waken'd eye.
Where mingling roses, white and red,
All in the bloom of beauty vie.

Some leaf by leaf their filmy fold
I saw expanding to the sun;
First close compress'd, then half unroll'd,
Till all the tender task was done.
Some younger still, could scarcely burst
Their cruder buds; and some there were
That veil'd their softer charms, nor durst
Intrust them to the early air.

And some had drunk the morning sky,
And fell to earth a vernal shower;
And thus I saw them rise and die
In the brief limits of an hour.
And when, their faded glory past,
All strewn abroad they met my eyes,
A tender thought my mind o'ercast,
Now youth departs, and beauty flies.

THE THIRD STAGE OF LIFE.

Youth! thou wearest to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien
In thy face and gait are seen:
Thou must now brook midnight watches
Take thy sleep and sport by snatches,
For the gambol and the jest
Thou wert wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

EPIGRAMS.

ON A RED-HAIR'D BEAUTY.

When nature's pencil drew this piece,
With so much skill and artifice;
She, for its greater worth and fame,
Thus set it in a golden frame,
If in these outward parts we find
Such wealth, what bears her richer mind?

THE WORLD DEPICTED.

This is the best of worlds, that we live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in:
But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's own,
Is the worst world that ever was known.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Sweet-bread.

PUZZLE II.—Cut-lass.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first is an animal, useful and tame,
Which supplieth mankind with much food;
My second's a step which is false, or a blame;
And, again, 'tis a mere piece of wood,
My whole is a flower that is lowly, and bends
Its head to each blast of the wind;
On the botanist's labour it never depends,
Or relies on the strength of the mind.

Beneath the cold earth,
Entomb'd by the care,
My riddle ne'er has known a birth,
Or seen Fredonia's fair.

But for the plowman's labouring hand,
That daily tills the field,
Or for the soldiers' dread command,
Who fights with sword and shield.

Yet let me not confine its skill
To firelocks, sword, and spade;
There's not an artisan but will
Employ it in his trade.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed
to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.